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No. 25.

FEEDING THE SNOW-BIRDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE L. SULLIVAN BURKE.

Now come to the window! I've cleared off a pane,
(I could do a whole country in Jack Frost's domain;
I've swept away castle and mountain alike,
I've laid the snow-drops, - yes, river and dike,
You shiver? Ah, well, it is chilly I know,
But see the poor birds! They are feeding on snow,
We'll throw up the shutters, - but be careful, my child,
The few birds are right, the food is the best of its kind,
Now's the time to feed them, a king's feast they'll
Have,
(I thought in the speed of each brown birdling's
dash.)

There's gone without waiting one look at our gift!
The rogues! Never fear, they will soon be back
drift!
Their tactics well learned, they have scattered awhile,
To make reconnaissance, and see if we smile,
Their wit a flutter hither from each hokey dell,
And surely seek some where the one of men dwell;
Yet fearing - a - n - d - i - n - g - h - e - m - f - e - a - r - i - n - g - a - g - a - i - n - ,
Approaching, yet fearing in fright to reach our ken:
The end, is it not? that the good of our kind
Are judged by the deeds of the evil-inclined.

But look! here they flutter, black specks on the
snow,
They've read us right by our brows' friendly glow!
This lives of uprightness have over the power,
To live down the evil sin gives her power,
Ah, snow-birds! ye beamed - suggestions of purity!
Be instant your faith, straight as your wing!
For surely bestowed, with the granary's store,
We've kept from the fowls the last of the store,
To give you at your life's share in our joy,
For snow - like we feed you in Heaven's employ.

RAVENSWOOD; OR, The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BURN THORNBURY.

CHAPTER VIII.

A THUNDER FOR THE RAFTSMEN - FAIRLY ALOFT.
The next morning at an early hour our
friends were astir. The day was bright and
beautiful. New life, new gladness filled all
hearts. There is a powerful sympathy exist-
ing between Nature and Man. When the
former renews her youth, the latter finds in
her reviving buds, her waking voice, her
brightening skies and warming air, an in-
spiration to be obtained from no other
source. There is a sweet contagion in her
example of fresh growth and hope. Her
activities impart their spirit to him, and he
shakes off the lethargy that may oppress
him, and faces life with a new and joyous
vigor.

This was the feeling that animated our
friends. Philip Wayne and Frank Leighton
saw the sunrise kindling among the trees,
and in their bosoms a fire was burning as
bright, as pure as that of the morning
skies. Flossie Gordon, looking from the win-
dow of her humble but cheerful chamber,
and as she beheld the glowing day, and
breathed the sweet mountain air, a secret
gladness filled her breast - she re-
joiced as she had not done for months be-
fore. Even the countenance of Starway lost
something of its morose, sternness, and wore
a look that accorded more with the bright-
ness of the dawn.

His meeting with Flossie was a joyful one.
The delight of the latter was unbounded
when he told her that he would accompany
her down the river, and not leave her until
she was safe in some pleasant refuge.
His presence was to her like that of a father.
With Philip Wayne she was happy, but she
naturally regarded him with the timidity of
a budding love. So the arrival of Starway
was most opportune, as it placed them all at
ease.

The raftsmen were busily engaged in pre-
paring to set off their "floats" of logs.
On one of the rafts a neat shelter - con-
siderably larger than the ordinary "pent-
house" - had been erected for the special
accommodation of Flossie. The floor was
covered with skins and furs, and the in-
terior of the structure was cozy-looking and
comfortable, as well as picturesque. Pro-
visions were taken on board, and soon every-
thing was ready for the embarkation. Flossie,
the fawn, was to accompany the voyagers.
The beautiful creature had been kindly cared
for the previous night, and when morning
came was early by the side of its young
mistress.

Everything appeared to favor the raftsmen.
The freshets that had been caused by the
melting of the late-fallen snow, had reached
its height during the night, and was now
slightly subsiding. This was just what
was to be desired, for it must be known that
when a river is rising the middle of the
stream is the highest and the sides when it is
falling. This is sufficiently proved by the
experience of the raftsmen, who, if they
start before the flow is at its height, cannot
keep their craft from the shore.

Flossie, a tiny good-bye to good Mrs.
Gore, was comforted by Philip Wayne to
be "floating home," that had been prepared
for her. When she beheld the apartment
she gave a little cry of delight - so attractive,
so unexpectedly pleasant was the place.

"And is this to be my home while on the
water?" she asked in pleased surprise.

"Yes," answered Philip, rejoicing that
such cozy quarters could be offered her.
"We have done our best to provide for your
comfort."

"You are very kind," she responded grate-
fully. Then smiling, she said: "But I am
not used to luxury, and I had better not
accustom myself to it."

"I have no complaint on that score, Flossie.
It is time you were more tenderly cared for,
and this must answer for a beginning."

At this juncture their attention was at-
tracted to some commotion on shore. Loud
and angry voices were heard, different from
the usual cheery call and shouts of the raft-
smen.

"What can have occurred?" asked Flossie
anxiously.

Philip looked shoreward. Near the water's

edge he beheld the pot fawn, which was ap-
parently waiting for an opportunity to join
its mistress on the raft, and beyond he saw
a number of the raftsmen hurrying toward
each other, as if for mutual defense. The
tall and striking figure of Starway was ob-
served among them, and also the giant form
of Pat McNally. The men seemed to have
exchanged their axes for rifles, and were
preparing to use the weapons.

Glancing beyond the group of stalwart
lumbermen, Philip saw another party of
men, one of whom was advancing, appar-
ently as the spokesman of the others. That
square, burly figure was recognized at once.

"There is trouble, yonder, I fear," said
Philip to his companion. "Remain here,
Flossie, and I will ascertain the cause of the
disturbance."

"Oh," she shuddered, "there will be
fighting and bloodshed. Yonder man is
Irvin Gaines."

"It is indeed that villain. But be not
alarmed, Flossie, no harm shall come to you.
He shall suffer for his temerity and impu-
dence if he makes any unjust demand of us,
or attempts to prevent our peaceful de-
parture."

"You will be very careful," she said,
pleadingly, as she saw Philip was about to
leave her. "He would kill you if he could.
Oh, I know his wickedness - it would not be
his first crime."

"I will not unnecessarily expose myself,
but I must assist our friends if an attack is
to be resisted."

And with these words snatching a rifle
from the cabin of the raft - where several
had been placed in case of an emergency -
he sprang lightly ashore and soon joined his
friends. A party was being held with
Gaines, who had approached within halting
distance, holding in his hands a rifle, on the
end of which glittered a white rag.

"What does the villain want?" inquired
Philip, who already felt that he was making
a demand for the surrender of Flossie.

"It's the girl - that he's asking for - the
thief," answered the indignant Irishman
who had been replying to Gaines. "Divil a
word will I speak to him, only it's gainin'
time we are, though the bloody-minded
nigger don't perceive it. You see we weren't
thinkin' of the comin' of him ships at all,
and half of our rifles is empty. Look fast,
boys, and I'll talk me gintle to Mother
Gaines till ye're ridder. It's hard holdin'
though, I must say, when it's achin' I am
with the full of me mad. Bussie of the
saints, but the fellow's cool in his
impudence. Are ye through now with yer
raimin'?" I'm about to give him me same.
Shall I lit drive him me war-t?"

A murmur of assent announced that the
raftsmen had prepared themselves to deliver
a volley.

Raising his voice to a higher pitch and
changing its tone from its late pretended
moderation, he called out -

"An' what is it ye want, Mother Gaines?"

"Want?" roared the latter, enraged at
the question, for he had very plainly stated
what he wanted, and now, when it's gainin'
time we are, ye ask me what I want? I want
ye to give up me daughter, or there'll be a
bloody war."

"Ye jabsers there will," returned Pat.
"Come now, me avate jintleman, lay down
yer gun and let's have a decent fight. It's
the biggest I am, but I've heard ye brag of
yer fighting accomplishments me ye time,
though ye're generally been peacable like - ye
chafe! Come now, ye blackguard, and have
done wid yer blaster. Oh, no, ye coward,
ye hyppertit," he cried as Gaines de-
clined the challenge. "Ye know I'd put
me arms into ye up to me elbows in less
than a minute, then ye do. An' if it's so
probable ye are ye better be takin' ye-self
off, or ye'll go away wid a pain about ye that
can't be cured. D'ye hear? Lay now, or by
the saints ye'll regret it if ye are left alive to
do it."

"I've a force double your own," called
the villain, "and if you don't give up the
girl, possible we'll put a bullet into each of
you."

"I give ye one minute to take yer dirty
pintney away," cried the fiery Irishman,
levelling his rifle. "Ye lyin' ye know, and
if ye weren't it would be all the same. We'll
delish the girl-rid while there's one left of
us."

A hearty response from the gallant raft-
smen was given to these words, and Irvin
Gaines saw that it would be vain to persist
in his demand for the person of Flossie. If
he hoped to regain his power over her he must
fight for it.

He slowly withdrew from the spot. Pat
McNally was writhing with an evident de-
sire to hasten his departure by sending a
bullet after him. Starway saw that he could
hardly restrain himself from this action,
and desiring to avoid an affair if possible,
said:

"Do not fire, Pat; let the first shot come
from them."

"Well, well," said the Irishman, "that'll
do I suppose - but ye've no objection to me
firin' the last, have ye?"

"None at all," said Starway, with a smile.
"I hope, however, that those fellows will
depart and give us no further trouble. Their
number is inferior to ours, notwithstanding the
assertion of Gaines, and we can easily de-
fend ourselves."

The raftsmen had taken a position behind
a large, mottled pile of logs, which af-
forded them a good protection, and at the
same time enabled them to survey their ad-
versaries through the interstices.

At this moment a shot was fired. It came
from the assaulting party. A sharp cry of
pain was heard, though not a human cry.
The raftsmen glanced to their right, where
on the river shore stood Flossie, the fawn.
The innocent creature lay on the ground,
writhing in the agonies of death. A simul-
taneous cry of indignation arose from the
raftsmen. The dastardly act enraged them
beyond measure.

Flossie Gordon saw her beautiful pet fall,
mortally wounded, and an exclamation of
horror broke from her lips. The raftsmen
heard it, and it added to their wrath and
indignation.

A grim look took instant possession of the
face of Starway. Upon him the others
looked as to their leader.

"Fire on the villains!" he cried, and a
swift volley of balls hurtled in the direction
of the murderous party headed by Gaines.
They had taken shelter, but a cry of agony
from their midst announced that at least one
of the missiles had taken effect.

A sharp exchange of shots now took place
irregularly. The raftsmen were now all
armed as they should have been, though the
majority had brought their rifles with them,
as it was the custom in those days to have
that reliable weapon not far away. They
advanced under cover of the lumber piles
until they were quite near the place in which
their enemies had taken refuge. The latter
then began to retreat, necessarily somewhat
exposing themselves to the shots of the in-
dignant raftsmen. Burning with a sense of
the unjustifiable attack that had been made
upon them, the pursuers did not withhold
their fire, but sent the avenging bullets fly-
ing toward the terrified miscreants.

Three or four of the latter fell, and the
death of Flossie was amply revenged, as well
as a severe lesson taught the evil-doers.

Approaching one of the fallen men, the
raftsmen saw it was Irvin Gaines.

"The villain!" cried Starway; "he has
met with deserved punishment. He is not so
bold, however; we will make a prisoner of
him."

The wounded man glared savagely on the
men who approached him, cursing them
bitterly. Upon the head of Pat McNally he
battered special anathemas.

"Be easy," said the Irishman; "or, as
me neither need to tell me, if ye can't be
any as ye can. I wouldn't strike a man
whin he's down, nor spake bitter to him
thin; but ye'll just forgive me for remindin'
ye that ye said there'd be a bloody war."

It's the truth ye told for wan-t, and that
ought to comfort ye in this thyrin' hour."

"There, there," said the raider, alone
for the present, said Starway, "he has
given us all sufficient provocation, it must
be said - but retribution has overtaken him."

"That's true; retribution is another
name for a bullet, I take it."

"It will be my expectation," blazed the
wounded man, who appeared to forget his
pain in rage toward his enemies and mortifi-
cation at his situation.

"Yes," muttered Pat, "ye'll have yer
turn, niver fear - a dancin' wid a plenty of
room far yer feet, and a rope around yer
neck to steady ye."

Gaines was conveyed to the scene of the
opening of the skirmish, where a consulta-
tion was held as to the disposition to be
made of him. Lynch law was suggested by
some with a plainness that was very un-
comfortable to the prisoner.

But this stern proposition was quickly
voted down. It would never do to hang a
disabled man. It was finally determined to
convey him down the river and surrender
him to the proper authorities. He was
doubtless, they thought, a confederate of the
notorious and dreaded river tick, and
might perhaps be induced to turn State's
evidence against the outlaws.

Philip Wayne was especially anxious that
Gaines should be held a prisoner, for he
hoped to gain from him the truth respecting
the party of Flossie Gordon.

Previous to binding the prisoner, and
placing him on a raft - in charge of Lawson
he was thus to be taken down the river - it
was suggested by one of the raftsmen that
he be searched.

This was done, and on his person were
found a number of papers that indicated
that he held secret and perhaps illegal cor-
respondence with parties further down the
Delaware. Gaines protested against this ex-
amination of his papers, but his captors
were determined to obtain all possible evi-
dence against him.

Only one of the letters found in his pos-
session could be read with any degree of
certainty. The others were soiled with
caution and ambiguity that precluded the
possibility of obtaining any valuable infor-
mation from them. They might be fair business
notes - some of them - or they might be of
an entirely different character.

The exceptional paper mentioned unmis-
takeably referred to Flossie. It was eagerly
scanned by Starway and Philip Wayne, and
read as follows:

"The girl, you inform me, is alive, well,
and developing into attractive womanhood.
It would give me much more pleasure to
learn that she is placed beyond the possi-
bility of ever being further down the
Delaware. Gaines protested against this ex-
amination of his papers, but his captors
were determined to obtain all possible evi-
dence against him."

"This is a clue to the mystery of Flossie's
abduction," cried Philip Wayne, delighted.
"If confession cannot be forced from your
lips, Irvin Gaines, we will yet collect suf-
ficient evidence to prove he she is."

"She is my niece," said the pretended
uncle of Flossie. His manner was sullen
and dogged, and Philip saw that nothing
was to be gained from him at present.

The young man was anxious to return to the
girl, who, from the security of her position
on the raft, had witnessed the fight
until the retreat of her enemies had com-
menced.

With horror she had seen her faithful
Flossie slain, and her anxiety and alarm began
to subside only with the re-appearance of
her defenders.

Starway, Frank Leighton, and Philip
Wayne soon joined her on the raft.

"We have had a severe encounter with
Gaines and his party," said the former to
the agitated girl. "Fortunately no loss has
resulted to ourselves, and we need appre-
hend no further molestation. Poor child!
you have been sadly frightened, but this is
the last of your alarms, I trust."

"I was terrified," she answered, "but not
so much on my own account as that of my
defenders."

"Fardon us, Flossie," said Philip Wayne,
"for leaving you alone; but I knew you were
safe, and, acting on the impulse, I joined
those on shore."

"I surely should have had courage to re-
main alone while others were risking life in
my defense," she said, gratefully.

"Forget the deed if you can, Flossie,"
spoke Philip, tenderly. "I will give direc-
tions for the decent interment of the dead
fawn, and then we will leave the scene of
these sad events. How I rejoice that I can
direct you to a haven of peace and security!
You are glad, Flossie, are you not, that you
are to leave this place forever?"

"Oh, yes," she murmured in confused de-
light that was almost painful. Existence at
that moment seemed to her like a bewildering
dream. The memory of her simple and
lonely, but happy childhood was fading
from her mind. Her forest life - reaching
from an uncertain period of infantile en-
joyment to the time when she first felt the
shadow of wrong about her - was no more
to her a reality. The succession of startling
events in the last few days had bewildered and
dazed her. She was like one coming from
seclusion and silence to the busy stir of life -
from twilight to full moon. Sweet hermitism
of the hills, what did she know of the world
beyond? Whether was she going? The
past had become an uncertainty, the
present was confusion, and the future was
a dim and shadowy possibility.

Flossie, for the moment, as we have said,
were Flossie's feelings. Then she awoke
from the trance-like state in which she ap-
peared to be, and the strong, clear, joyous
sense of existence that she had experienced
when she looked from her chamber window
that morning, returned to her.

A new light rested upon her fair features,
and the brightness of her countenance was
observed by all present.

Perhaps it was the words of Philip Wayne
that caused this change, for after her re-
sponse to his last question he had said:

"And you trust us, Flossie? Trust us wholly?
For as Heaven is true we will be true to
you."

The glad, though tearful look she gave
him, was sufficient answer.

"In a few moments we shall be moving
from this scene," he said. "See! the raft-
men are already cutting loose. Retire, now,
Flossie, and we will shortly join you."

She was conducted to the "pent-house,"
sitting there the swinging off of the raft.

One matter yet troubled her. She knew
that her pretended uncle was a prisoner in
the hands of the raftsmen. What was to be
done with him? She desired never to
see him again, and expressed to Philip her
wish not to meet him.

"You shall not be disturbed by a sight of
the wicked man," he said. "He has already
been sent forward in charge of our friend,
the constable, and will give us no trouble.
May you never behold his unwelcome person
again."

"And his allies and confederates?" she
asked, "what steps are to be taken con-
cerning them? Will they not in revenge for
their defeat make future attacks upon the
raftsmen, burning their lumber, and per-
haps destroying their homes?"

"It is thought not. The villains have
been severely punished, and with the loss of
one of their leaders no immediate assault is
feared. A strong force of the raftsmen will,
however, remain in this vicinity to protect
their interests, and Starway has just spoken
of the arrival of a large party of choppers
from below."

"I am glad that I would not have
these gallant fellows suffer on my account,
either in person or by the destruction of their
property."

"They would thank you for your con-
sideration, Flossie, yet they are most loyal

to you, and are ready to risk any danger for
your sake."

"They are as kind as they are brave."

"Among the warmest of your defenders
is that noblest dwarf of St. Patrick -
McNally. Fortunately we are to have him
on our raft. He will be merry company.
But, see! we are moving. Say good-bye to
yonder shore, Flossie, but let no tear mingle
with your farewell. You are going to a new
life, even as we are this moment moving to-
ward the unclouded sun!"

He pointed toward the shining boat.
"Take it as an omen, Flossie, an omen of
good. We are leaving the shadowy shore
and moving toward the light."

He spoke with glowing animation. He
beamed above her graceful form, looking, as he
was, a very picture of strong young man-
hood. His bright-dark eyes shone with a
lustrous light whose central beam was love.

His lovely companion was struck with a
new sense of his manly beauty. Never had
he looked so handsome before. Her eyes
fell before his warm smiling gaze, for she
too was unconsciously displaying new charms.
Philip, though he saw the delicate crimson
mount into her cheeks, could not withdraw his
fervent gaze. His heart, his soul were full.
Would it be fair to speak of love in that
hour?

The question was crowded down by his
emotion.

They were alone - that youthful pair,
beautiful as Eden's two before they fell -
they were at least apart from the others, and
he must speak.

He took the hand of his companion.
"Flossie," he said, simply and fervently. "I
love you. A new life is opening bright be-
fore you. Let me share that future with you.
Promise to be my wife - my wild rose
bride."

She blushed and trembled, her heart flutter-
ing like an imprisoned bird.

"I am but a simple child of the forest,"
she said. "You anticipated maiden, not worthy
to mate with one so far above me as you."

To her the strong, confident, bright-faced
youth seemed a king, while she, in her own
judgment, was but a peasant girl, to whom
as should not stoop.

"You are pure, beautiful and good, Flossie,
fit mate for him who could love you as you
should be loved, though he were a prince
born. Is it not well that we should wed
when our hearts instruct us to?"

"I do not know," she murmured, in low
musical tones, full of a trembling happiness
and fear. "Only know -"

"That you love me, Flossie," he inter-
rupted, passionately. "That is enough. You
shall be mine - are mine already."

And in the full, free light of day he sealed
their betrothal with a kiss.

A step was heard outside, and in a moment
Frank Leighton entered the cabin. He saw
what he had anticipated the lovers, and would
have retired, but Flossie - that was there
to be ashamed of? - cried out:

"No, no, Frank, you need not slip away
as if you thought to spare us a little con-
fusion. Come and wish me joy. Flossie has
promised to be my wife, and I'm happy as
the day."

She murmured an inarticulate reply that
served only to show her happiness. Frank
exchanged another word or two with her
lover, and then very discreetly took his
leave.

Philip and Flossie soon followed him from
the cabin, and when they were alone, Flossie
revealed their secret. Flossie would
have been heard but they endeavored to con-
ceal it.

A stirring sight was presented to their
vision as they passed around. Raft after raft
had been set afloat, and the river carried
along a long flotilla formed from the
gathered forest trophies.

Yonder shot a huge "ark," manned by
a singing and sawing crew, doling the
branches of the trees, and working their
steering poles with an ease and moncha-
nism which sufficiently showed the charac-
ter of the crew. Behind it came a clumsy
craft, loaded with new-sawn plank and
shifting shingles, rushing with a sort of
unwisdom motion through the whirling eddies,
and, when caught by the current again, glid-
ing off with steady haste.

The sudden bend which the river took at
the point they were in, now passing out the
relationship of the raftsmen to the test,
but they proved themselves equal to the oc-
casion.

It was exhilarating to hear the breezy call
of the men, their cheerful interchange of
banter and handiwork, and the orders of the
directing heads, to witness the swift and
thrilling plunge down some watery declivity,
and to gaze upon the sparkle of the sunlit
river that seemed glad to bear the rude
floats on.

Nor was music wanting to add its effect to
the situation. The violin was often to be
found upon the rafts, and when dangerous
bends of the river were rounded, it would be
brought forth and skillfully touched by some
practiced hand.

Pat McNally, an adept in the use of the
axe, the oar and the rifle, was also a master
of the violin. In his strong arm dwelt not
only strength, but gentleness. His handling
of the bow was exquisite, and he delighted
all who listened. He loved his instrument,
and never forgot to place it on board before
starting on his downward trips. On this occa-
sion he had been equally careful to secure
the companionship of his beloved viol, and
in due time he would produce it.

But now that our party are fairly afloat,
through abundant variety of adventure
await them, we must proceed them, and in-
troduce our readers to the new scenes and
characters with which our story has to do.

IRVING, IN SEARCH OF A REVELATION OF THE FUTURE, DESCENDS THE CELLAR STAIRS BACKWARD, AT MIDNIGHT.

Reader, there are more Henry Lyons than
a. Now in our midst we have travelling

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

"In inspecting mules, it is best to descend on a long range to escape."
 "A Col. who acts as the poisoner of the family of A. C. Culp, Illinois."
 "No dark, and yet so light," as the maid when he looked at his lun of coal.
 "A Missouri wife is seeking her transient husband with a shot-gun and a certificate of identity."
 "California Chinaman committed suicide by cramming paper up his nose."
 "An inebriate Wisconsin man threw his teeth into the grate and carefully placed his forehead sugar under his pillow."
 "Memphis has a negro preacher who announces himself as Henry Ward Beecher."

THE Pi-Ute Indians make bouffes of news who jilt their lovers.

"A rural lady calls Michael Angelo one the 'old mastiffa.'"

"A Jackson, Tennessee, young ladies tie their hair in bouffes, and when the young gentlemen callers in the evening inquire the cause, blushing reply, 'I burnt them while broiling the beefsteak this morning.'"

"A Danbury youth who could not sing 'play, wanting to serenade his girl, settled for a half hour under her window, humming, and when she got over the case found about seventy-five drops waiting upon what he wanted."

"A noble lied man, aged twenty-one years, has already raised five crops of real r—the first crop gray, and the last a beautiful silken brown. We cannot tell a lie—he writes his little tomahawks."

"We are informed that the Maharajah Oushmere, keeps a poet. We wish the Maharajah would keep several poets in this country—keep 'em quiet, we mean.—*Norwood Herald.*"

A convert of American dairymen to be seen in the room in New York. Specimens of improved chalk and patent pumps are submitted.

W A wicked St. Louis paper says that the elites are running their noses against the flying capes of Rhode Island and causing disfigurements.

W A man in New Albany, Indiana, made his husband a Christmas present of his store all receipted. This seems to have been a favorite gift with wives over the country—the receipt.

W A smart boy in one of the public schools of Cadiz, having been required to recite a composition on some patriotic subject, expanded as follows: "The rooster—A rooster is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The rooster eats corn and grows with it; the minister preaches through a crowd and ties it up." The young man seemed to feel some pride in his good deed, as his wedding was recently broken off.

W A clergyman at Columbus City, Iowa, just because, on the clergyman asked if any one had objections, the young lady said, "Yes—"

He wanted to marry him." The expectant mother got mad, and left. He said he wasn't going to marry a girl who had never answered him when he intended for other folks.

According to a St. Paul paper, noses, ears and fingers, which have been broken off by the frozen and crisp condition, may pick up in large quantities from the walks of that frosty city.

It is interesting to note that the grocers here intend to hire a music-teacher to teach them to sing correctly.

Professor Agassiz says Niagara will dry in nineteen centuries, and the Niagara huckmen have raised their faces in sequence.

A bridge weighing two tons was recently made in Manheim, Pa. The episode previously been extensively fatal in that order.

Frankfort, Ky., has a minister who has a rooster jump on the fence and make his head and beak seen out of it.

In Fall River a lady cut some names candy on the steps to cool. It cost her seventy-five cents for court-plaster.

He doesn't go out evenings at present.

F St. Louis boasts a filial youth who reads the Bibles from three churches and has a home in each.

F It requires \$38,000 worth of twine per month to tie up the dead letters which the Postoffice Department fails to deliver.

F Professor Albini, of Naples, is work- ing over the debility by transfusing healthy blood into the veins of his patients.

F Luther must feel a little "sheepish" at it.

F Homesteads are sacrificed every day, the Chicago Tribune, to hard drink, but probably for the first time in the history of liquor traffic it furnishes a homestead to a family of ordinary motorists. This unique homestead has been obtained by a woman, who has recovered a homestead worth \$50,000 from the dealer who sold her husband rum that caused his death.

F The Khedive of Egypt has ordered the thing out of his daughter to be made in the shape of a Queen of the order is a number of points d'Alencon at the court, and \$250,000 of other lace are to be added.

Kookah, Iowa, has a postmistress only ten years old, who mounts her epigrams and slings poetry by the rod.

"Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," Dutchman says, "half-a-mit von und der oder mit six."

The Chinese in California burn a slipper, covered with esablistic signs, as a man, before sleeping in a strange bed.

A man in Rousseville, Pennsylvania, a hog which he handles very tenderly. It weighs two pounds of nitro-glycerine at a fortnight ago.

An Atlanta paper, speaking of three muskies, says it is no idle compliment that they are like three Graces, their smirking back the purity and softness of their eyes, their floating in a light of tenderness, or throwing their scales over the inner shrine of thought like jewel and sparkle caught from broken rain-drops. The question is, how much of the fish language was left for the bride?

"Some alone observer, commenting on my way with women," a German let their son Alphonse Straka," of Juneau,

"A new patent railway contrivance is introduced in the shape of a switch-tender's car so placed that the switch-tender could go to sleep in it, and neglect the job, the coming train would run into the trolley, and obviate any further necessity of switching."

"A correspondent wrote to me, the other day, to ask whether, if a lady lay down to dinner prone sulky or stupid, in breach of etiquette to drop her side-saddle, and talk to the one on the other side—i. e. I fear that my answer was a little little. I wrote that no Lady, with a little, was ever sulky or stupid, and that the only person certainly so was usual with a man who is not a lady."

"I speak *arrogante* (as a ventriloquist says), you have no right to assume because a lady does not talk to you she is stupid or sulky. The chances are

you open will cause no sense, and she
your measure. You should begin with
thing pleasantly startling. If she is
s, ask her why she isn't married; and
s is, ask her whom she means to marry
her present husband dies. Be advised

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OF A Le Crosse man invented a gun which he claimed wouldn't go off by accident. One night it actually went off without being loaded. A thief got into his house, and the gun went off along with a number of other articles.

